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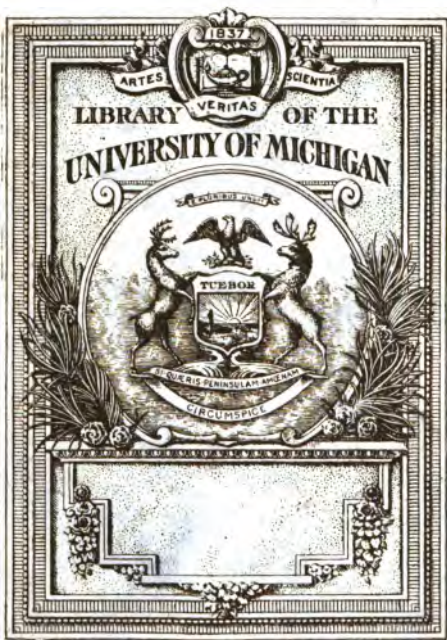
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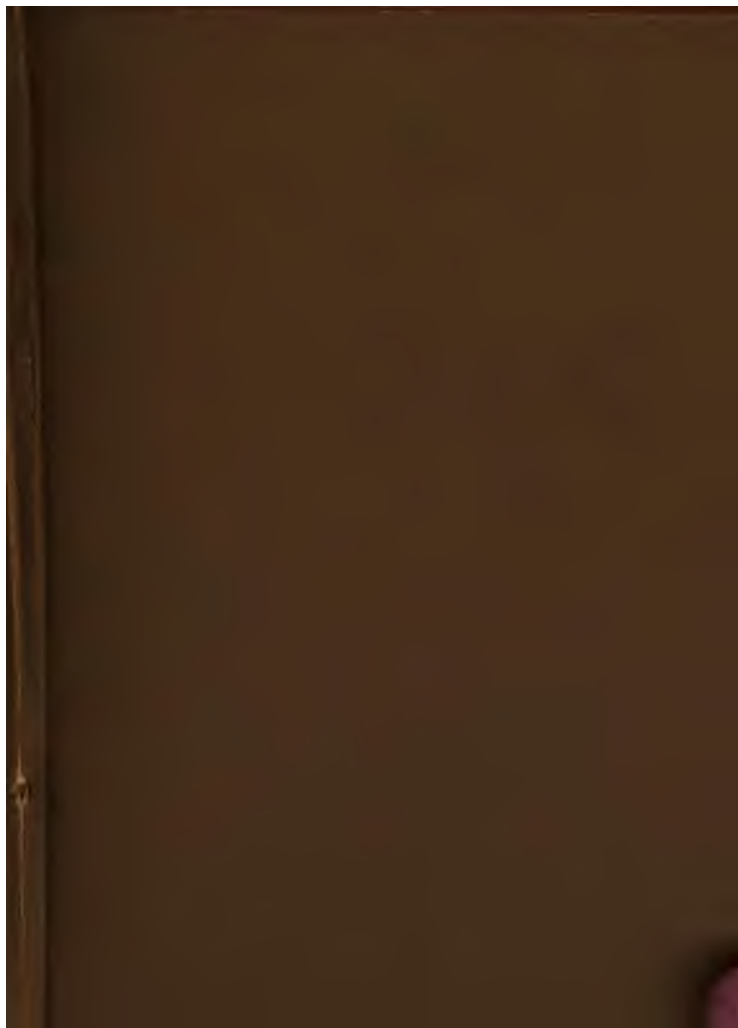
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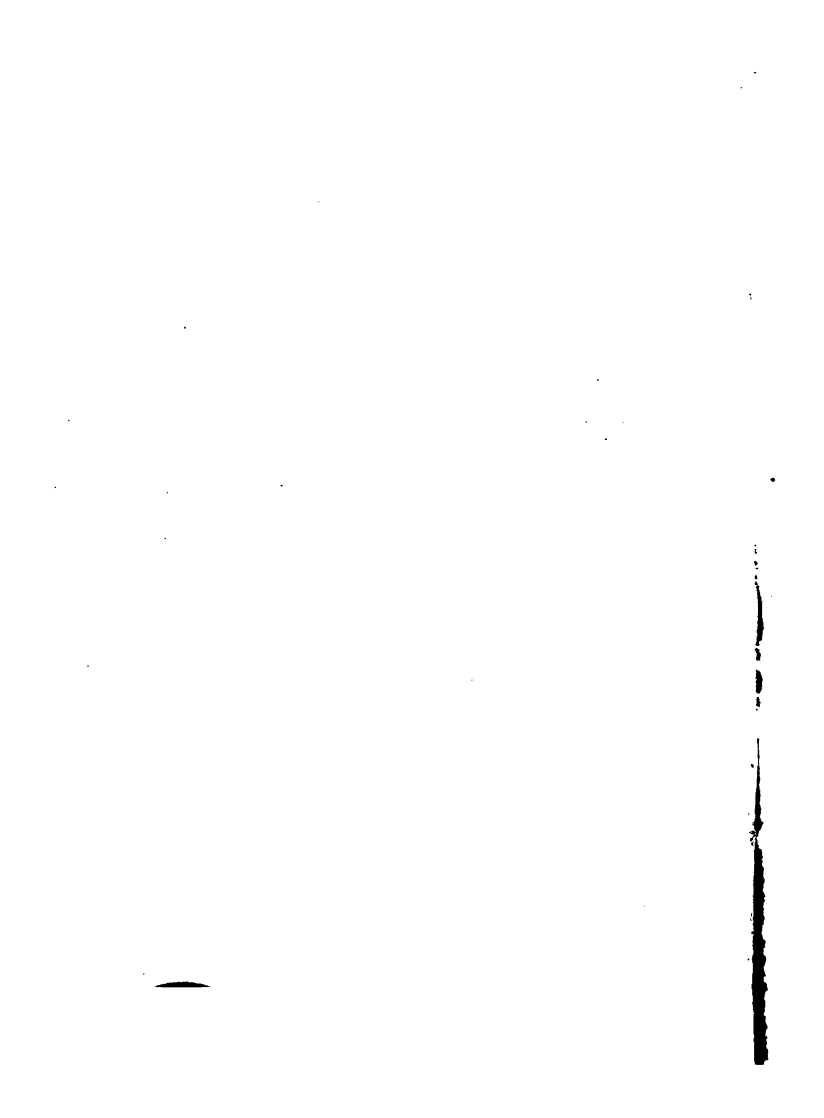
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FOR

The King's Minstrels

BY

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL

'O my soul, thou hast said unto the Lord, Thou art my Lord.'
Ps. xvi. 2.

TWENTY-SIXTH THOUSAND

NEW YORK
E. P. DUTTON & COMPANY

1882

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PREFATORY NOTE.

A WORD of explanation. The little series of daily books, *My King*, *Royal Commandments*, *Royal Bounty*, and *The Royal Invitation*, appeared to need an answering and completing chord. And as these all aim, feebly enough, but earnestly, at calling attention to the Royal utterances of our King, it seemed that *Loyal Responses* should follow them.

May I be pardoned for asking my readers to accept all I have said in these little books in lieu of letters? For the endeavor to answer their most kindly meant and often very interesting communications is becoming a serious tax upon time and strength, and an increasing hindrance to doing other work.

Should any of my friends wish that nothing previously seen in leaflet form had been included in this little book, they must pardon it for the sake of the known wishes of many others, who would be disappointed not to find here a few already familiar verses, such as the 'Consecration Hymn' and 'Trusting Jesus.'

As marginal references are not given in this as in the other books of the series, it might be a useful exercise for younger readers to supply them for themselves. For almost every line has been either directly drawn from Holy Scripture, or 'may be proved thereby.'

May not only our lips but our lives be filled with Loyal Responses to all the words of our King !

F. R. H.

CONTENTS.

DAY		PAGE
1.	Consecration Hymn,	7
2.	Set Apart,	9
3.	The Secret of a Happy Day,	11
4.	The Unfailing One,	14
5.	On the Lord's Side,	17
6.	True-hearted,	20
7.	By Thy Cross and Passion,	23
8.	The Opened Fountain,	26
9.	The Precious Blood of Jesus,	29
10.	I Remember thee,	31
11.	Knowing,	34
12.	Trusting,	36
13.	Looking,	38
14.	Shining,	40
15.	Growing,	45
16.	Resting,	47
17.	Filling,	49
18.	Increase our Faith,	51
19.	'Nobody knows but Jesus,'	54
20.	He is thy Life,	57
21.	Enough,	59
22.	All,	61
23.	Only,	63
24.	My Master,	65
25.	Perfect Peace,	68

DAY	PAGE
26. I am with thee,	70
27. Trust and Distrust,	72
28. Without Carefulness,	73
29. Thy Reign,	78
30. Tried, Precious, Sure,	80
31. Just when Thou Wilt,	82

Is it for Me?	84
An Interlude	85
The Thoughts of God	87
Free to Serve	89
Coming to the King	93
The Two Paths	98
Only for Jesus	102
Vessels of Mercy, Prepared unto Glory	103
The Turned Lesson	105
Sunday Night	108
A Song in the Night	110
What will you do without Him?	112
Church Missionary Jubilee Hymn	116
A Happy New Year to You!	118
Another Year	119
New Year's Wishes	120
Hitherto and Henceforth	122
What Thou Wilt	123
Hope	124
'Most Blessed for Ever'	125
Index to First Lines	126

FIRST DAY.

Consecration Hymn.

'Here we offer and present unto Thee, O Lord,
ourselves, our souls and bodies, to be a reasonable,
holy, and lively sacrifice unto Thee.'

TAKE my life, and let it be
Consecrated, Lord, to Thee.

Take my moments and my days ;
Let them flow in ceaseless praise.

Take my hands, and let them move
At the impulse of Thy love.

Take my feet, and let them be
Swift and ' beautiful ' for Thee.

Take my voice, and let me sing
Always, only, for my King.

Take my lips, and let them be
Filled with messages from Thee.

Take my silver and my gold ;
Not a mite would I withhold.

Take my intellect, and use
Every power as Thou shalt choose.

Take my will, and make it Thine ;
It shall be no longer mine.

Take my heart, it *is* Thine own ;
It shall be Thy royal throne.

Take my love ; my Lord, I pour
At Thy feet its treasure-store.

Take myself, and I will be
Ever. *only*, ALL for Thee.

SECOND DAY.

Set Apart.

'Know that the Lord hath set apart him that is
godly for Himself.'—Ps. iv. 3.

I.

SET apart for Jesus !
Is not this enough,
Though the desert prospect
Open wild and rough ?
Set apart for His delight,
Chosen for His holy pleasure,
Sealed to be His special treasure !
Could we choose a nobler joy ?—and would
we if we might ?

II.

Set apart to serve Him,
Ministers of light,
Standing in His presence,
Ready day or night !
Chosen for the service blest,
He would have us always willing,
Like the angel host fulfilling
Swiftly and rejoicingly each recognized
behest.

III.

Set apart to praise Him,
Set apart for this !
Have the blessed angels
Any truer bliss ?
Soft the prelude, though so clear ;
Isolated tones are trembling ;
But the chosen choir, assembling,
Soon shall sing together, while the uni-
verse shall hear.

IV.

Set apart to love Him,
And His love to know !
Not to waste affection
On a passing show.
Called to give Him life and heart,
Called to pour the hidden treasure,
That none other claims to measure,
Into His belovèd hand ! thrice blessed
' set apart ! '

V.

Set apart for ever
For Himself alone !
Now we see our calling,
Gloriously shown.
Owning, with no secret dread,
This our holy separation,
Now the crown of consecration
Of the Lord our God shall rest upon our
willing head ! *

* Num. vi. 7.

THIRD DAY.

The Secret of a Happy Day.

'The secret of the Lord is with them that fear Him.'—Ps. xxv. 14.

I.

JUST to let thy Father do
What He will ;
Just to know that He is true,
And be still.
Just to follow hour by hōur
As He leadeth ;
Just to draw the moment's power
As it needeth.
Just to trust Him, this is all !
Then the day will surely be
Peaceful, whatsoe'er befall,
Bright and blessèd, calm and free.

II.

Just to let Him speak to thee
Through His Word,
Watching, that His voice may be
Clearly heard.
Just to tell Him everything
As it rises,
And at once to Him to bring
All surprises.

Just to listen, and to stay
Where you cannot miss His voice.
This is all ! and thus to-day,
Communing, you shall rejoice.

III.

Just to ask Him what to do
All the day,
And to make you quick and true
To obey.
Just to know the needed grace
He bestoweth,
Every bar of time and place
Overfloweth.
Just to take thy orders straight
From the Master's own command.
Blessèd day ! when thus we wait
Always at our Sovereign's hand.

IV.

Just to recollect His love,
Always true ;
Always shining from above,
Always new.
Just to recognize its light,
All-enfolding ;
Just to claim its present might,
All-upholding.

Just to know it as thine own,
That no power can take away.
Is not this enough alone
For the gladness of the day ?

V.

Just to trust, and yet to ask
Guidance still ;
Take the training or the task,
As He will.
Just to take the loss or gain,
As He sends it ;
Just to take the joy or pain,
As He lends it.
He who formed thee for His praise
Will not miss the gracious aim ;
So to-day and all thy days
Shall be moulded for the same.

VI.

Just to leave in His dear hand
Little things,
All we cannot understand,
All that stings.
Just to let Him take the care
Sorely pressing,
Finding all we let Him bear
Changed to blessing.
This is all ! and yet the way
Marked by Him who loves thee best :
Secret of a happy day,
Secret of His promised rest.

FOURTH DAY.

The Unfailing One.

'He faileth not.' — ZEPH. iii. 5.

I.

HE who hath led, will lead
All through the wilderness ;
He who hath fed, will feed ;
He who hath blessed, will bless ;
He who hath heard thy cry,
Will never close His ear ;
He who hath marked thy faintest sigh,
Will not forget thy tear.
He loveth always, faileth never ;
So rest on Him, to-day, for ever !

II.

He who hath made thee whole
Will heal thee day by day ;
He who hath spoken to thy soul
Hath many things to say.
He who hath gently taught
Yet more will make thee know ;
He who so wondrously hath wrought
Yet greater things will show.
He loveth always, faileth never ;
So rest on Him to-day, for ever !

III.

He who hath made thee nigh
Will draw thee nearer still ;
He who hath given the first supply
Will satisfy and fill.
He who hath given thee grace
Yet more and more will send ;
He who hath set thee in the race
Will speed thee to the end.
He loveth always, faileth never ;
So rest on Him, to-day, for ever !

IV.

He who hath won thy heart
Will keep it true and free ;
He who hath shown thee what thou art
Will show Himself to thee.
He who hath bid thee live,
And made thy life His own,
Life more abundantly will give,
And keep it His alone.
He loveth always, faileth never ;
So rest on Him, to-day, for ever !

V.

Then trust Him for to-day
As thine unfailing Friend,
And let Him lead thee all the way,
Who loveth to the end.

And let the morrow rest
In His belovèd hand ;
His good is better than our best,
As we shall understand,—
If, trusting Him who faileth never,
We rest on Him, to-day, for ever !

FIFTH DAY.

On the Lord's Side.

'Thine are we, David, and on thy side, thou son of
Jesse.'—I CHRON. xii. 18.

I.

WHO is on the Lord's side?
Who will serve the King?
Who will be His helpers,
Other lives to bring?
Who will leave the world's side?
Who will face the foe?
Who is on the Lord's side?
Who for Him will go?
Response. By Thy call of mercy,
By Thy grace divine,
We are on the Lord's side;
Saviour, we are Thine.

II.

Not for weight of glory,
Not for crown and palm,
Enter we the army,
Raise the warrior-psalm;

But for Love that claimeth
Lives for whom He died :
He whom Jesus nameth
Must by on His side.

Response. By Thy love constraining,
By Thy grace divine,
We are on the Lord's side ;
Saviour, we are Thine.

III.

Jesus, Thou hast bought us,
Not with gold or gem,
But with Thine own life-blood,
For Thy diadem.
With Thy blessing filling
Each who comes to Thee,
Thou hast made us willing,
Thou hast made us free.

Response. By Thy grand redemption,
By Thy grace divine,
We are on the Lord's side ;
Saviour, we are Thine.

IV.

Fierce may be the conflict,
Strong may be the foe,
But the King's own army
None can overthrow.
Round His standard ranging,
Victory is secure,
For His truth unchanging
Makes the triumph sure.

Response. Joyfully enlisting
By Thy grace divine,
We are on the Lord's side ;
Saviour, we are Thine.

V.

Chosen to be soldiers
In an alien land ;
' Chosen, called, and faithful,'
For our Captain's band ;
In the service royal
Let us not grow cold ;
Let us be right loyal,
Noble, true, and bold.
Response. Master, Thou wilt keep us,
By Thy grace divine,
Always on the Lord's side,
Saviour, always Thine.

SIXTH DAY.

True-hearted, Whole-hearted.

I.

TRUE-HEARTED, whole-hearted,
faithful and loyal,
King of our lives, by Thy grace we will
be !
Under Thy standard, exalted and royal,
Strong in Thy strength, we will battle
for Thee !

II.

True-hearted, whole-hearted ! Fullest al-
legiance
Yielding henceforth to our glorious
King ;
Valiant endeavour and loving obedience
Freely and joyously now would we bring.

III.

True-hearted ! Saviour, Thou knowest
our story ;
Weak are the hearts that we lay at Thy
feet,
Sinful and treacherous ! yet, for Thy glory,
Heal them, and cleanse them from sin
and deceit.

IV.

Whole-hearted ! Saviour, belovèd and
glorious,
Take Thy great power, and reign Thou
alone,
Over our wills and affections victorious,
Freely surrendered, and wholly Thine
own.

V.

Half-hearted, false-hearted ! Heed we
the warning !
Only the whole can be perfectly true ;
Bring the whole offering, all timid thought
scorning,
True-hearted only if whole-hearted too.

VI.

Half-hearted ! Saviour, shall aught be
withholden,
Giving Thee part who hast given us all ?
Blessings outpouring, and promises golden
Pledging, with never reserve or recall.

VII.

Half-hearted ! Master, shall any who
know Thee
Grudge Thee their lives, who hast laid
down Thine own ?
Nay ; we would offer the hearts that we
owe Thee,—
Live for Thy love and Thy glory alone.

VIII.

Sisters, dear sisters, the call is resounding,
Will ye not echo the silver refrain,
Mighty and sweet, and in gladness abounding,—
‘ True-hearted, whole-hearted ! ’ ringing
again ?

IX.

Jesus is with us, His rest is before us,
Brightly His standard is waving above.
Brothers, dear brothers, in gathering
chorus,
Peal out the watchword of courage and
love !

X.

Peal out the watchword, and silence it
never,
Song of our spirits, rejoicing and free !
‘ True-hearted, whole-hearted, now and
for ever,
King of our lives, by Thy grace we will
be ! ’

SEVENTH DAY.

'By Thy Cross and Passion.'

'He hath given us rest by His sorrow, and life by His death.'—JOHN BUNYAN.

I.

WHAT hast Thou done for me, O
mighty Friend,
Who lovest to the end !
Reveal Thyself, that I may now behold
Thy love unknown, untold,
Bearing the curse, and made a curse for me,
That blessed and made a blessing I might
be.

II.

Oh, Thou wast crowned with thorns, that
I might wear
A crown of glory fair ;
'Exceeding sorrowful,' that I might be
Exceeding glad in Thee ;
'Rejected and despised,' that I might
stand
Accepted and complete on Thy right
hand.

III.

Wounded for my transgression, stricken
sore,
That I might 'sin no more ;'
Weak, that I might be always strong in
Thee ;
Bound, that I might be free ;
Acquaint with grief, that I might only
know
Fulness of joy in everlasting flow.

IV.

Thine was the chastisement, with no re-
lease,
That mine might be the peace ;
The bruising and the cruel stripes were
Thine,
That healing might be mine ;
Thine was the sentence and the condem-
nation,
Mine the acquittal and the full salvation.

V.

For Thee revilings, and a mocking throng,
For me the angel-song ;
For Thee the frown, the hiding of God's
face,
For me His smile of grace ;
Sorrows of hell and bitterest death for
Thee,
And heaven and everlasting life for me.

VI.

Thy cross and passion, and Thy precious
death,

While I have mortal breath,
Shall be my spring of love and work and
praise,

The life of all my days ;
Till all this mystery of love supreme
Be solved in glory—glory's endless theme !

EIGHTH DAY.

The Opened Fountain.

'A fountain opened for sin and for uncleanness.
... Wounded in the house of My friends.'—ZECH.
xiii. 1, 6.

I.

AND I have wounded Thee—oh, wounded Thee!—

Wounded the dear, dear Hand that holds me fast!

Oh, to recall the word! That cannot be!

Oh, to unthink the thought that out of reach hath passed!

II.

Sorrow and bitter grief replace my bliss;

I could not wish that any joy should be;

There is no room for any thought but this,

That I have sinned—have sinned—have wounded Thee!

III.

How *could* I grieve Thee so! Thou couldst have kept;

My fall was not the failure of Thy word.

Thy promise hath no flaw, no dire 'except,'
To neutralize the grace so royally conferred.

IV.

Oh the exceeding sinfulness of sin !
Tenfold exceeding in the love-lit light
Of Thy sufficient grace, without, within,
Enough for every need, in never-conquered might !

V.

With all the shame, with all the keen distress,
Quick, 'waiting not,' I flee to Thee again ;
Close to the wound, belovèd Lord, I press,
That Thine own precious blood may overflow the stain.

VI.

O *precious* blood ! Lord, let it rest on me !
I ask not only pardon from my King,
But cleansing from my Priest. I come to Thee
Just as I came at first,—a sinful, helpless thing.

VII.

Oh, cleanse me now ! My Lord, I cannot
stay

For evening shadows and a silent hour :
Now I have sinned, and *now*, with no de-
lay,

I claim Thy promise and its total power.

VIII.

O Saviour, bid me ' go and sin no more,'
And keep me always 'neath the mighty
flow

Of Thy perpetual fountain ; I implore
That Thy perpetual cleansing I may
fully know.

NINTH DAY.

The Precious Blood of Jesus.

I.

PRECIOUS, precious blood of Jesus,
Shed on Calvary ;
Shed for rebels, shed for sinners
Shed for me.

II.

Precious blood, that hath redeemed us !
All the price is paid ;
Perfect pardon now is offered,
Peace is made.

III.

Precious, precious blood of Jesus,
Let it make thee whole ;
Let it flow in mighty cleansing
O'er thy soul.

IV.

Though thy sins are red like crimson,
Deep in scarlet glow,
Jesu's precious blood can make them
White as snow.

V.

Now the holiest with boldness
 We may enter in,
For the open fountain cleanseth
 From all sin.

VI.

Precious blood ! by this we conquer
 In the fiercest fight,
Sin and Satan overcoming
 By its might.

VII.

Precious, precious blood of Jesus,
 Ever flowing free !
O believe it, O receive it,
 'Tis for thee !

VIII.

Precious blood, whose full atonement
 Makes us nigh to God !
Precious blood, our song of glory,
 Praise and laud !

TENTH DAY.

I Remember Thee.

‘Thus saith the LORD, I remember thee, the kindness of thy youth, the love of thine espousals.’—
JER. ii. 2.

I.

MY Lord, dost Thou indeed remember me,

Just *me*, the least and last?

With all the names of Thy redeemed,
And all Thy angels, has it seemed
As though my name might perhaps be
overpassed;

Yet here I find Thy word of tenderest
grace,

True for this moment, perfect for my
case,—

‘Thus saith Jehovah, I remember thee!’

II.

My Lord, dost Thou remember *this* of me,
The kindness of *my* youth?—

The tremulous gleams of early days,
The first faint thrills of love and praise,
Vibrating fitfully? Not much, in truth,

Can I bring back at memory's wondering
call ;
Yet Thou, my faithful Lord, rememberest
all,—
' Thus saith Jehovah, I remember thee !'

III.

My Lord, dost Thou remember this of me,
My love, so poor, so cold ?
Oh, if I had but loved Thee more !
Yet Thou hast pardoned. Let me pour
My life's best wine for Thee, my heart's
best gold
(Worthless, yet all I have), for very shame
That Thou should'st tell me, calling me
by name,—
' Thus saith Jehovah, I remember thee !'

IV.

My Lord, dost Thou remember this of me,
The day of Thine own power ?
The love of *mine* espousals sweet,
The laying wholly at Thy feet
Of heart and life, in that glad, willing hour ?
That love was Thine—I gave Thee but
Thine own,
And yet the Voice falls from the emerald
throne,—
' Thus saith Jehovah, I remember thee !'

V.

My Lord, dost Thou remember *this* of me?
 Forgetting every fall,
 Forgetting all the treacherous days,
 Forgetting all the wandering ways,
With fulness of forgiveness covering all ;
Casting these memories, a hideous store,
Into the crimson sea, for evermore,
And only saying, ' I remember thee ! '

VI.

My Lord, art Thou indeed remembering
 me ?
 Then let me not forget !
 Oh, be Thy kindness all the way,
 Thy everlasting love to-day,
In sweet perpetual remembrance set
Before my view, to fill my marvelling gaze,
And stir my love, and lift my life to praise,
Because Thou sayest, ' I remember thee ! '

ELEVENTH DAY.

Knowing.

I.

I KNOW the crimson stain of sin,
Defiling all without, within ;
But now rejoicingly I know
That He has washed me white as snow.
I praise Him for the cleansing tide,
Because I know that Jesus died.

II.

I know the helpless, hopeless plaint,
' The whole head sick, the whole heart
faint ; '
But now I trust His touch of grace,
That meets so perfectly my case,
So tenderly, so truly deals ;
Because I know that Jesus heals.

III.

I know the pang of forfeit breath,
When life in sin was life in death ;
But now I know His life is mine,
And nothing shall that cord untwine,
Rejoicing in the life He gives,
Because I know that Jesus lives.

IV.

I know how anxious thought can press,
I know the weight of carefulness ;
But now I know the sweet reward
Of casting all upon my Lord,
No longer bearing what He bears,
Because I know that Jesus cares.

V.

I know the sorrow that is known
To the tear-burdened heart alone ;
But now I know its full relief
Through Him who was acquainted with grief,
And peace through every trial flows,
Because I know that Jesus knows.

VI.

I know the gloom amid the mirth,
The longing for the love of earth ;
But now I know the Love that fills,
That gladdens, blesses, crowns, and stills,
That nothing mars and nothing moves,—
I know, I know that Jesus loves !

VII.

I know the shrinking and the fear,
When all seems wrong, and nothing clear ;
But now I gaze upon His throne,
And faith sees all His foes o'erthrown,
And I can wait till He explains,
Because I know that Jesus reigns.

TWELFTH DAY.

Trusting Jesus.

I.

I AM trusting Thee, Lord Jesus,
Trusting only Thee ;
Trusting Thee for full salvation,
Great and free.

II.

I am trusting Thee for pardon ;
At Thy feet I bow,
For Thy grace and tender mercy,
Trusting now.

III.

I am trusting Thee for cleansing
In the crimson flood ;
Trusting Thee to make me holy
By Thy blood.

IV.

I am trusting Thee to guide me ;
Thou alone shalt lead !
Every day and hour supplying
All my need.

V.

I am trusting Thee for power ;
Thine can never fail !
Words which Thou Thyself shalt give me,
Must prevail.

VI.

I am trusting Thee, Lord Jesus :
Never let me fall !
I am trusting Thee for ever,
And for all.

THIRTEENTH DAY.

Looking unto Jesus.

I.

LOOKING unto Jesus !
Battle-shout of faith,
Shield o'er all the armour,
Free from scar or scathe.
Standard of salvation,
In our hearts unfurled,
Let its elevation
Overcome the world !

II.

Look away to Jesus !
Look away from all ;
Then we need not stumble,
Then we shall not fall.
From each snare that lureth
Foe or phantom grim,
Safety this ensureth :
Look away to Him

III.

Looking into Jesus !
Wonderingly we trace
Heights of power and glory,
Depths of love and grace.

Vistas far unfolding,
Ever stretch before,
As we gaze, beholding
Ever more and more.

IV.

Looking up to Jesus
On the emerald throne !
Faith shall pierce the heavens
Where our King is gone.
Lord, on Thee depending,
Now, continually,
Heart and mind ascending,
Let us dwell with Thee.

FOURTEENTH DAY.

Shining.

I.

ARE you *shining* for Jesus, dear one ?
You have given your heart to Him ;
But is the light strong within it,
Or is it but pale and dim ?
Can *everybody* see it,—
That Jesus is all to you ?
That your love to Him is burning
With radiance warm and true ?
Is the seal upon your forehead,
So that it *must* be known
That you are ' all for Jesus,'—
That your heart is all His own ?

II.

Are you shining for Jesus, dear one ?

You remember the first sweet ray,
When the sun arose upon you

And brought the gladsome day ;
When you heard the gospel message,
And Jesus Himself drew near,

And helped you to trust Him simply,
And took away your fear ;

When the darkness and the shadows
Fled like a weary night,
And you felt that you could praise Him,
And everything seemed bright.

III.

Are you shining for Jesus, dear one,
So that the holy light
May enter the hearts of others,
And make them glad and bright?
Have you spoken a word for Jesus,
And told to some around,
Who do not care about Him,
What a Saviour *you* have found?
Have you lifted the lamp for others,
That has guided your own glad feet?
Have you echoed the loving message,
That seemed to you so sweet?

IV.

Are you shining for Jesus, dear one,—
Shining for Him all day,
Letting the light burn always
Along the varied way?
Always,—when those beside you
Are walking in the dark?
Always,—when no one is helping,
Or heeding your tiny spark?
Not idly letting it flicker
In every passing breeze
Of pleasure or temptation,
Of trouble or of ease?

V.

Are you shining for Jesus, dear one,—
Shining just everywhere,
Not only in easy places,
Not only just here or there ?
Shining in happy gatherings,
Where all are loved and known ?
Shining where all are strangers ?
Shining when quite alone ?
Shining at home, and making
True sunshine all around ?
Shining abroad, and faithful—
Perhaps among faithless—found ?

VI.

Are you shining for *Jesus*, dear one,
Not for yourself at all ?
Not because dear ones, watching,
Would grieve if your lamp should fall ?
Shining because you are walking
In the Sun's unclouded rays,
And you cannot help reflecting
The light on which you gaze ?
Shining because it shineth
So warm and bright above,
That you *must* let out the gladness,
And you *must* show forth the love ?

VII.

Are you shining for Jesus, dear one ?
Or is there a little sigh

That the lamp His love had lighted
Does not burn clear and high ?
Is the heavenly crown that waits you,
Still, still without a star,
Because your light was hidden,
And sent no rays afar ?
Do you feel you have not loved Him
With a love right brave and loyal,
But have faintly fought and followed
His banner bright and royal ?

VIII.

Oh, come again to Jesus !
Come as you came at first,
And tell Him all that hinders,
And tell Him all the worst ;
And take His sweet forgiveness
As you took it once before,
And hear His kind voice saying,
' Peace ! go, and sin no more !'
Then ask for grace and courage
His name to glorify,
That never more His precious light
Your dimness may deny.

IX.

Then rise, and, ' watching daily,'
Ask Him your lamp to trim
With the fresh oil He giveth,
That it may not burn dim.

Yes, rise and shine for Jesus !
Be brave, and bright, and true
To the true and loving Saviour,
Who gave Himself for you.
Oh, shine for Jesus, dear one,
And henceforth be your way
Bright with the light that shineth
Unto the perfect day !

FIFTEENTH DAY.

Growing.

I.

UNTO him that hath, Thou givest
Ever 'more abundantly.'
Lord, I live because Thou livest,
Therefore give more life to me ;
Therefore speed me in the race ;
Therefore let me grow in grace.

II.

Deepen all Thy work, O Master,
Strengthen every downward root,
Only do Thou ripen faster,
More and more, Thy pleasant fruit.
Purge me, prune me, self abase,
Only let me grow in grace.

III.


Jesus, grace for grace outpouring,
Show me ever greater things ;
Raise me higher, sunward soaring,
Mounting as on eagle-wings.
By the brightness of Thy face,
Jesus, let me grow in grace.

IV.

Let me grow by sun and shower,
Every moment water me ;
Make me really hour by hour
More and more conformed to Thee,
That Thy loving eye may trace,
Day by day, my growth in grace.

V.

Let me then be always growing,
Never, never standing still ;
Listening, learning, better knowing
Thee and Thy most blessèd will.
Till I reach Thy holy place,
Daily let me grow in grace.



SIXTEENTH DAY.

Resting.

‘This is the rest wherewith ye may cause the weary to rest ; and this is the refreshing.’—ISA. xxviii. 12.

I.

RESTING on the faithfulness of Christ
our Lord ;
Resting on the fulness of His own sure
word ;
Resting on His power, on His love untold ;
Resting on His covenant secured of old.

II.

Resting 'neath His guiding hand for un-
tracked days ;
Resting 'neath His shadow from the noon-
tide rays ;
Resting at the eventide beneath His wing,
In the fair pavilion of our Saviour King.

III.

Resting in the fortress while the foe is nigh ;
Resting in the lifeboat while the waves
roll high ;

Resting in His chariot for the swift glad
race ;
Resting, always resting in His boundless
grace.

IV.

Resting in the pastures, and beneath the
Rock ;
Resting by the waters where He leads His
flock ;
Resting, while we listen, at His glorious
feet ;
Resting in His very arms !—O rest com-
plete !

V.

Resting and believing, let us onward press,
Resting in Himself, the Lord our Right-
eousness ;
Resting and rejoicing, let His saved ones
sing,
Glory, glory, glory be to Christ our King !

SEVENTEENTH DAY.

Filling.

'Filled with all the fulness of God.'—EPH. iii. 19.

I.

HOLY Father, Thou hast spoken
Words beyond our grasp of
thought,—
Words of grace and power unbroken,
With mysterious glory fraught.

II.

Promise and command combining,
Doubt to chase and faith to lift ;
Self renouncing, all resigning,
We would claim this mighty gift.

III.

Take us, Lord, oh, take us truly,
Mind and soul and heart and will ;
Empty us and cleanse us thoroughly,
Then with all Thy fulness fill.

IV.

Lord, we ask it, hardly knowing
What this wondrous gift may be ;

But fulfil to overflowing,—
 Thy great meaning let us see.

V.

Make us in Thy royal palace
 Vessels worthy for the King ;
From Thy fulness fill our chalice,
 From Thy never-failing spring.

VI.

Father, by this blessèd filling,
 Dwell Thyself in us, we pray ;
We are waiting, Thou art willing,
 Fill us with Thyself to-day !

EIGHTEENTH DAY.

Increase our Faith.

'Lord, increase our faith.'—LUKE xvii. 5.

I.

INCREASE our faith, belovèd Lord !
For Thou alone canst give
The faith that takes Thee at Thy word,
The faith by which we live.

II.

Increase our faith ! So weak are we,
That we both may and must
Commit our very faith to Thee,
Entrust to Thee our trust.

III.

Increase our faith ! for there is yet
Much land to be possessed ;
And by no other strength we get
Our heritage of rest.

IV.

Increase our faith ! On this broad shield
'All' fiery darts be caught ;

We must be victors in the field
Where Thou for us hast fought.

V.

Increase our faith, that we may claim
Each starry promise sure,
And *always* triumph in Thy name,
And to the end endure.

VI.

Increase our faith, O Lord, we pray,
That we may not depart
From Thy commands, but *all* obey
With free and loyal heart.

VII.

Increase our faith— increase it still—
From heavenward hour to hour,
And in us gloriously ‘ fulfil
The work of faith with power.’

VIII.

Increase our faith, that never dim
Or trembling it may be,
Crowned with the ‘ perfect peace ’ of him
‘ Whose mind is stayed on Thee.’

IX.

Increase our faith, for Thou hast prayed
That it should never fail ;

Our stedfast anchorage is made
With Thee, within the veil.

X.

Increase our faith, that unto Thee
More fruit may still abound ;
That it may grow ' exceedingly,'
And to Thy praise be found.

XI.

Increase our faith, O Saviour dear,
By Thy sweet sovereign grace,
Till, changing faith for vision clear,
We see Thee face to face !

NINETEENTH DAY.

‘Nobody knows but Jesus.’

I.

N OBODY knows but Jesus !
‘Tis only the old refrain
Of a quaint, pathetic slave-song,
But it comes again and again.

II.

I only heard it quoted,
And I do not know the rest ;
But the music of the message
Was wonderfully blessed.

III.

For it fell upon my spirit
Like sweetest twilight psalm,
When the breezy sunset waters
Die into starry calm.

IV.

‘Nobody knows but Jesus !’
Is it not better so,
That no one else but Jesus,
My own dear Lord, should know ?

V.

When the sorrow is a secret
Between my Lord and me,
I learn the fuller measure
Of His quick sympathy.

VI.

Whether it be so heavy,
That dear ones could not bear
To know the bitter burden
They could not come and share ;

VII.

Whether it be so tiny,
That others could not see
Why it should be a trouble,
And seem so real to me ;

VIII.

Either, and both, I lay them
Down at my Master's feet,
And find them, alone with Jesus,
Mysteriously sweet.

IX.

Sweet, for they bring me closer
To the dearest, truest Friend ;
Sweet, for He comes the nearer,
As 'neath the cross I bend ;

X.

Sweet, for they are the channels
Through which His teachings flow ;
Sweet, for by these dark secrets
His heart of love I know.

XI.

' Nobody knows but Jesus !'
It is music for to-day,
And through the darkest hours
It will chime along the way.

XII.

' Nobody knows but Jesus !'
My Lord, I bless Thee now
For the sacred gift of sorrow
That no one knows but Thou.

TWENTIETH DAY.

He is thy Life.

I.

JESUS, Thy life is mine !
Dwell evermore in me ;
And let me see
That nothing can untwine
My life from Thine.

II.

Thy life in me be shown !
Lord, I would henceforth seek
To think and speak
Thy thoughts, Thy words alone,
No more my own.

III.

Thy love, Thy joy, Thy peace,
Continuously impart
Unto my heart ;
Fresh springs, that never cease
But still increase.

IV.

The blest reality
Of resurrection power,
Thy Church's dower,
Life more abundantly,
Lord, give to me !

V.

Thy fullest gift, O Lord,
Now at Thy feet I claim,
Through Thy dear name !
And touch the rapturous chord
Of praise forth poured.

VI.

Jesus, my life is Thine,
And evermore shall be
Hidden in Thee !
For nothing can untwine
Thy life from mine.

TWENTY-FIRST DAY.

Enough.

I.

I AM so weak, dear Lord, I cannot stand
One moment without Thee !
But oh ! the tenderness of Thine enfolding,
And oh ! the faithfulness of Thine upholding,
And oh ! the strength of Thy right hand !
That strength is enough for me !

II.

I am so needy, Lord, and yet I know
All fulness dwells in Thee ;
And hour by hour that never-failing treasure
Supplies and fills, in overflowing measure,
My least, my greatest need ; and so
Thy grace is enough for me !

III.

It is so sweet to trust Thy word alone :
I do not ask to see

The unveiling of Thy purpose, or the shining
Of future light on mysteries untwining :
Thy promise-roll is all my own,—
Thy word is enough for me !

IV.

The human heart asks love ; but now I
know
That my heart hath from Thee
Ail real, and full, and marvellous affection,
So near, so human ; yet divine perfection
Thrills gloriously the mighty glow !
Thy love is enough for me !

V.

There were strange soul-depths, restless,
vast, and broad,
Unfathomed as the sea ;
An infinite craving for some infinite still-
ing ;
But now Thy perfect love is perfect filling !
Lord Jesus Christ, my Lord, my God,
Thou, Thou art enough for me !

TWENTY-SECOND DAY.

III.

I.

GOD'S reiterated 'ALL !'
O wondrous word of peace and
power !
Touching with its tuneful fall
The rising of each hidden hour,
All the day.

II.

Only *all* His word believe,
All peace and joy your heart shall fill,
All things asked ye shall receive :
This is thy Father's word and will,
For to-day.

III.

'*All* I have is thine,' saith He.
'*All* things are yours,' He saith again ;
All the promises for thee
Are sealed with Jesus Christ's Amen,
For to-day.

IV.

He shall *all* your need supply,
And He will make *all* grace abound ;
Always all sufficiency
In Him for *all* things shall be found,
For to-day.

V.

All His work He shall fulfil,
All the good pleasure of His will,
Keeping thee in *all* thy ways,
And with thee always, '*all* the days,'
And to-day !

TWENTY-THIRD DAY.

Only.

I.

ONLY a mortal's powers,
Weak at their fullest strength ;
Only a few swift-flashing hours,
Short at their fullest length.

II.

Only a page for the eye,
Only a word for the ear,
Only a smile, and by and by
Only a quiet tear.

III.

Only one heart to give,
Only one voice to use ;
Only one little life to live,
And only one to lose.

IV.

Poor is my best, and small :
How could I dare divide ?
Surely my Lord shall have it all,
He shall not be denied !

V.

All ! for far more I owe
Than all I have to bring ;
All ! for my Saviour loves me so !
All ! for I love my King !

VI.

All ! for it is His own,
He gave the tiny store ;
All ! for it must be His alone ;
All ! for I have no more

VII.

All ! for the last and least
He stoopeth to uplift :
The altar of my great High Priest
Shall sanctify my gift.

TWENTY-FOURTH DAY.

My Master.

'I love my master ; . . . I will not go out free.
And he shall serve him for ever.'—Ex. xxi 5, 6.

I.

I LOVE, I love my Master,
I will not go out free,
For He is my Redeemer,
He paid the price for me.

II.

I would not leave His service,
It is so sweet and blest ;
And in the weariest moments
He gives the truest rest.

III.

I would not halve my service,
His only it must be,—
His *only*, who so loved me
And gave Himself for me.

IV.

He shed His life-blood
To give us mortal life to win,
To save me from the bondage
Of tyrant self and sin.

V.

He chose me for His service,
And gave me power to choose
That blessed, 'perfect freedom'
Which I shall never lose :

VI.

For He hath met my longing
With word of golden tone,
That I shall serve for ever
Himself, Himself alone.

VII.

'Shall serve Him' hour by hour,
For He will show me how ;
My Master is fulfilling
His promise even now !

VIII.

'Shall serve Him,' and 'for ever ;'
O hope most sure, most fair !
The perfect love outpouring
In perfect service there !

IX.

Rejoicing and adoring,
Henceforth my song shall be :
I love, I love my Master,
I will not go out free !

TWENTY-FIFTH DAY.

Perfect Peace.

I.

LIKE a river glorious
Is God's perfect peace,
Over all victorious
In its bright increase.
Perfect—yet it floweth
Fuller every day ;
Perfect—yet it groweth
Deeper all the way.
Chorus. Stayed upon Jehovah,
Hearts are fully blest,
Finding, as He promised,
Perfect peace and rest.

II.

Hidden in the hollow
Of His blessèd hand,
Never foe can follow,
Never traitor stand.
Not a surge of worry,
Not a shade of care,
Not a blast of hurry
Touch the spirit there.

Chorus. Stayed upon Jehovah,
Hearts are fully blest,
Finding, as He promised,
Perfect peace and rest.

III.

Every joy or trial
Falleth from above,
Traced upon our dial
By the Sun of Love.
We may trust Him solely
All for us to do ;
They who trust Him wholly,
Find Him wholly true.
Chorus. Stayed upon Jehovah,
Hearts are fully blest,
Finding, as He promised,
Perfect peace and rest.

TWENTY-SIXTH DAY.

I am with thee.

I.

I AM with thee !' He hath said it
In His truth and tender grace ;
Sealed the promise, grandly spoken,
With how many a mighty token
Of His love and faithfulness.

II.

He is with thee !—In thy dwelling,
Shielding thee from fear of ill ;
All thy burdens kindly bearing,
For thy dear ones gently caring,
Guarding, keeping, blessing still.

III.

He is with thee !—In thy service
He is with thee ' certainly,'
Filling with the Spirit's power,
Giving in the needing hour
His own messages by thee.

IV.

He is with thee !—With thy spirit,
With thy lips, or with thy pen ;
In the quiet preparation,
In the heart-bowed congregation,
Nevermore alone again !

V.

He is with thee !—With thee always,
All the nights and all the days ;
Never failing, never frowning,
With His loving-kindness crowning,
Tuning all thy life to praise.

VI.

He is with thee !—Thine own Master,
Leading, loving to the end ;
Brightening joy and lightening sorrow,
All to-day, yet *more* to-morrow,
King and Saviour, Lord and Friend.

VII.

He is with thee !—Yes, for ever,
Now, and through eternity ;
Then with Him for ever dwelling,
Thou shalt share His joy excelling,
Thou with Christ and Christ with thee !

TWENTY-SEVENTH DAY.

Trust and Distrust.

I.

DISTRUST thyself, but trust His
 grace ;
 It is enough for thee !
In every trial thou shalt trace
 Its all-sufficiency.

II.

Distrust thyself, but trust His strength ;
 In Him thou shalt be strong :
His weakest ones may learn at length
 A daily triumph-song.

III.

Distrust thyself, but trust His love ;
 Rest in its changeless glow :
And life or death shall only prove
 Its everlasting flow.

IV.

Distrust thyself, but trust alone
 In Him, for all—for ever !
And joyously thy heart shall own
 That Jesus faileth never.

TWENTY-EIGHTH DAY.

Without Carefulness.

'I would have you without carefulness.'—I COR.
vii. 32.

I.

MASTER ! how shall I b'less Thy name
For Thy tender love to me,
For the sweet enablings of Thy grace,
So sovereign, yet so free,
That have taught me to obey Thy word
And cast my care on Thee !

II.

They tell of weary burdens borne
For discipline of life,
Of long anxieties and doubts,
Of struggle and of strife,
Of a path of dim perplexities '
With fears and shadows rife.

III.

Oh, I have trod that weary path,
With burdens not a few,
With shadowy faith that Thou would'st
lead
And help me safely through,

Trying to follow and obey,
And bear my burdens too.

IV.

Master ! dear Master, Thou didst speak,
And yet I did not hear,
Or long ago I might have ceased
From every care and fear,
And gone rejoicing on my way
From brightening year to year.

V.

Just now and then some steeper slope
Would seem so hard to climb,
That I *must* cast my load on Thee ;
And I left it for a time,
And wondered at the joy at heart,
Like sweetest Christmas chime.

VI.

A step or two on wingèd feet,
And then I turned to share
The burden Thou hadst taken up
Of ever-pressing care ;
So that I would not leave with Thee
Of course I had to bear.

VII.

At last Thy precious precepts fell
On opened heart and ear,

A varied and repeated strain
I could not choose but hear,
Enlinking promise and command,
Like harp and clarion clear :

VIII.

‘ No anxious thought upon thy brow
The watching world should see ;
No carefulness ! O child of God,
For *nothing* careful be !
But cast thou *all* thy care on Him
Who always cares for thee.’

IX.

Did not Thy loving Spirit come
In gentle, gracious shower,
To work Thy pleasure in my soul
In that bright, blessèd hour,
And to the word of strong command
Add faith and will and power ?

X.

It was Thy word, it was Thy will—
That was enough for me !
Henceforth no care shall dim my trust,
For all is cast on Thee ;
Henceforth my inmost heart shall praise
The grace that set me free.

XI.

And now I find Thy promise true,
Of perfect peace and rest ;
I cannot sigh—I can but sing
While leaning on Thy breast,
And leaving everything to Thee,
Whose ways are always best.

XII.

I never thought it could be thus,—
Month after month to know
The river of Thy peace without
One ripple in its flow ;
Without one quiver in the trust,
One flicker in its glow.

XIII.

Oh, Thou hast done far more for me
Than I had asked or thought !
I stand and marvel to behold
What Thou, my Lord, hast wrought,
And wonder what glad lessons yet
I shall be daily taught.

XIV.

How shall I praise Thee, Saviour dear,
For this new life so sweet,
For taking all the care I laid
At Thy belovèd feet,

Keeping Thy hand upon my heart
To still each anxious beat !

XV.

I want to praise, with life renewed,
As I never praised before ;
With voice and pen, with song and speech,
To praise Thee more and more,
And the gladness and the gratitude
Rejoicingly outpour.

XVI.

I long to praise Thee more, and yet
This is no care to me :
If Thou shalt fill my mouth with songs,
Then I will sing to Thee ;
And if my silence praise Thee best,
Then silent I will be.

XVII.

Yet if it be Thy will, dear Lord,
Oh, send me forth, to be
Thy messenger to careful hearts,
To bid them taste and see
How good Thou art to those who cast
All, all their care on Thee !

TWENTY-NINTH DAY.

Thy Reign.

‘Righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost.’—ROM. xiv. 17.

I.

THY reign is righteousness ;
Not mine, but Thine !—
A covering no less
Than the broad, bright waves of Thy great
sea,
That roll triumphantly
From line to pole, and pole to line ;
A reign where every rebel thought
In sweet captivity
To Thine obedience is brought.

II.

Thy reign is perfect peace ;
Not mine, but Thine !—
A stream that cannot cease,
For its fountain is Thy heart. O depth
unknown !
Thou givest of Thine own,
Pouring from Thine and filling mine.

The 'noise of war,' hath passed away ;
 God's peace is on the throne,
 Ruling with undisputed sway.

III.

Thy reign is joy divine ;
 Not mine, but Thine,
 Or else not any joy to me !
 For a joy that flowed not from Thine own,
 Since Thou hast reigned alone,
 Were vacancy or misery.
 O sunshine of Thy realm, how bright
 This radiance from Thy throne,
 Unspeakable in calmest light !

IV.

Thy reign shall still increase !
 I claim Thy word,—
 Let righteousness and peace
 And joy in the Holy Ghost be found,
 And more and more abound
 In me, through Thee, O Christ my Lord ;
 Take unto Thee Thy power, who art
 My Sovereign, many-crowned !
 Stablish Thy kingdom in my heart.

THIRTIETH DAY.

Tried, Precious, Sure.

JESUS CHRIST	{	'The Same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever.'—HEB. xiii. 8.
		'A stone, a tried stone, a precious corner stone, a sure foundation.'—ISA. xxviii. 16.

I.

THROUGH the yesterday of ages,
Jesus, Thou hast been The Same ;
Through our own life's chequered pages,
Still the one dear changeless name.
Well may we in Thee confide,
Faithful Saviour, proved and ' TRIED ! '

II.

Joyfully we stand and witness
Thou art still to-day The Same ;
In Thy perfect, glorious fitness,
Meeting every need and claim.
Chiefest of ten thousand Thou !
Saviour, O most ' PRECIOUS,' now !

III.

Gazing down the far for ever,
Brighter glows the one sweet Name,
Stedfast radiance, paling never,
Jesus, Jesus ! still The Same.
Evermore 'Thou shalt endure,'
Our own Saviour, strong and 'SURE !'

THIRTY-FIRST DAY.

Just when Thou wilt.

I.

JUST when Thou wilt, O Master, call,
Or at the noon, or evening fall,
Or in the dark, or in the light,—
Just when Thou wilt, it must be right.

II.

Just when Thou wilt, O Saviour, come,
Take me to dwell in Thy bright home !
Or when the snows have crowned my head,
Or ere it hath one silver thread.

III.

Just when Thou wilt, O Bridegroom, say,
'Rise up, my love, and come away !'
Open to me Thy golden gate,
Just when Thou wilt, or soon, or late.

IV.

Just when Thou wilt—Thy time is best—
Thou shalt appoint my hour of rest,

Marked by the Sun of perfect love,
Shining unchangeably above.

V.

Just when Thou wilt !—no choice for me !
Life is a gift to use for Thee ;
Death is a hushed and glorious tryst,
With Thee, my King, my Saviour, Christ !

.

Is it for Me?

‘ O, Thou whom my soul loveth.’

O SAVIOUR, precious Saviour,
My heart is at Thy feet ;
I bless Thee, and I love Thee,
And Thee I long to meet.
A thrill of solemn gladness
Has hushed my very heart
To think that I shall really
Behold Thee as Thou art ;

Behold Thee in Thy beauty,
Behold Thee face to face,
Behold Thee in Thy glory,
And reap Thy smile of grace ;
And be with Thee for ever,
And never grieve Thee more !
Dear Saviour, I *must* praise Thee,
And lovingly adore !

SELECTIONS FROM
MISS HAVERGAL'S LATEST POEMS.

An Interlude.

THAT part is finished ! I lay down my
pen,
And wonder if the thoughts will flow as
fast
Through the more difficult defile. For
the last
Was easy, and the channel deeper then.
My Master, I will trust Thee for the rest ;
Give me just what Thou wilt, and that
will be my best !

How can *I* tell the varied, hidden need
Of Thy dear children, all unknown to
me,
Who at some future time may come and
read
What I have written ! All are known
to Thee.

As Thou hast helped me, help me to the
end ;
Give me Thy own sweet messages of love
to send.

So now, I pray Thee, keep my hand in
Thine,
And guide it as Thou wilt. I do not
ask
To understand the "wherefore" of each
line ;
Mine is the sweeter, easier, happier task
Just to look up to Thee for every word,
Rest in Thy love, and trust, and know
that I am heard.

September 11th, 1877.

The Thoughts of God.

THEY say there is a hollow, safe and still,

A point of coolness and repose
Within the centre of a flame, where life
might dwell

Unharm'd and unconsumed, as in a luminous shell,

Which the bright walls of fire enclose
In breachless splendour, barrier that no
foes

Could pass at will.

There is a point of rest
At the great centre of the cyclone's
force,

A silence at its secret source ;—
A little child might slumber undistressed,

Without the ruffle of one fairy curl,
In that strange central calm amid the
mighty whirl.

So, in the centre of these thoughts of
God,

Cyclones of power, consuming glory-fire,—

As we fall o'eraw'd

Upon our faces, and are lifted higher
By His great gentleness, and carried
nigher
Than unredeemèd angels, till we stand
Even in the hollow of His hand.
Nay, more ! we lean upon His breast—
There, there we find a point of perfect
rest
And glorious safety. There we see
His thoughts to usward, thoughts of
peace
That stoop in tenderest love ; that still
increase
With increase of our need ; that never
change,
That never fail, or falter, or forget.
O pity infinite !
O royal mercy free !
O gentle climax of the depth and height
Of God's most precious thoughts, most
wonderful, most strange !
“ For I am poor and needy, yet
The Lord Himself, Jehovah, *thinketh upon*
me ! ”

"Free to Serve."

SHE chose His service. For the Lord
of Love
Had chosen her, and paid the awful price
For her redemption ; and had sought her
out,
And set her free, and clothed her gloriously,
And put His royal ring upon her hand,
And crowns of lovingkindness on her
head.
She chose it. Yet it seemed she could
not yield
The fuller measure other lives could
bring ;
For He had given her a precious gift,
A treasure and a charge to prize and
keep,
A tiny hand, a darling hand, that traced
On her heart's tablet words of golden love.
And there was not much room for other
lines,
For time and thought were spent, (and
rightly spent,
For He had given the charge,) and hours
and days
Were concentrated on the one dear task.

But He had need of her. Not one new
gem
But many for His crown ;—not one fair
sheaf,
But many, she should bring. And she
should have
A richer, happier harvest-home at last,
Because more fruit, more glory and more
praise,
Her life should yield to Him. And so
He came,
The Master came Himself, and gently
took
The little hand in His, and gave it room
Among the angel-harpers. Jesus came
And laid His own hand on the quivering
heart,
And made it very still, that He might
write
Invisible words of power — "Free to
serve !"
Then through the darkness and the chill
He sent
A heat-ray of His love, developing
The mystic writing, till it glowed and
shone
And lit up all her life with radiance
new,—
The happy service of a yielded heart.
With comfort that He never ceased to
give

(Because her need could never cease) she
filled
The empty chalices of other lives,
And time and thought were thenceforth
spent for Him
Who loved her with His everlasting love.

Let Him write what He will upon our
hearts
With His unerring pen. They are His
own,
Hewn from the rock by His selecting
grace,
Prepared for His own glory. Let Him
write !
Be sure He will not cross out one sweet
word
But to inscribe a sweeter,—but to grave
One that shall shine for ever to His
praise,
And thus fulfil our deepest heart-desire.
The tearful eye at first may read the line
“Bondage to grief !” but He shall wipe
away
The tears, and clear the vision, till it read
In ever-brightening letters “Free to
serve !”
For whom the Son makes free is free in-
deed.

Nor only by reclaiming His good gifts,
But by withholding, doth the Master write

These words upon the heart. Not always
needs
Erasure of some blessèd line of love
For this more blest inscription. Where
He finds
A tablet empty for the "lines left out,"
That "might have been" engraved with
human love
And sweetest human cares, yet never bore
That poetry of life, His own dear hand
Writes "Free to serve!" And these
clear characters
Fill with fair colours all the unclaimed
space,
Else grey and colourless.

Then let it be

The motto of our lives until we stand
In the great freedom of Eternity,
Where we "*shall* serve Him" while we
see His face,
For ever and for ever "Free to serve."

Coming to the King.

2 CHRONICLES ix. 1-12.

I CAME from very far away to see
The King of Salem ; for I had been
told
Of glory and of wisdom manifold,
And condescension infinite and free.
How could I rest, when I had heard His
fame,
In that dark lonely land of death from
whence I came ?

I came, (but not like Sheba's queen,)
alone !
No stately train, no costly gifts to
bring ;
No friend at court, save One, that
One the King !
I had requests to spread before His
throne,
And I had questions none could solve for
me,
Of import deep, and full of awful mys-
tery.

I came and communed with that mighty
King,
And told Him all my heart ; I cannot say,
In mortal ear, what communings
were they.
But wouldst thou know, go too, and
meekly bring
All that is in thy heart, and thou shalt hear
His voice of love and power, His answers
sweet and clear.

O happy end of every weary quest !
He told me all I needed, graciously ;—
Enough for guidance, and for victory
O'er doubts and fears, enough for quiet
rest ;
And when some veiled response I could
not read,
It was not hid from Him,—this was
enough indeed.

His wisdom and His glories passed before
My wondering eyes in gradual revelation ;
The house that He had built, its
strong foundation,
Its living stones ; and, brightening
more and more,

Fair glimpses of that palace far away,
Where all His loyal ones shall dwell with
Him for aye.

True the report that reached my far-off
land
Of all His wisdom and transcendent
fame ;
Yet I believèd not until I came,—
Bowed to the dust till raised by royal
hand.
The half was never told by mortal word ;
My King exceeded all the fame that I had
heard !

Oh, happy are His servants ! happy they
Who stand continually before His
face,
Ready to do His will of wisest grace !
My King ! is mine such blessedness to-
day ?
For I too hear Thy wisdom, line by line,
Thy ever brightening words in holy radi-
ance shine.

Oh, blessèd be the Lord thy God, who
set
Our King upon His throne ! Divine
delight
In the Beloved crowning Thee with
might,
Honour, and majesty supreme ; and yet

The strange and Godlike secret opening
thus,—
The kingship of His Christ ordained
through love to us !

What shall I render to my glorious
King?
I have but that which I receive from
Thee ;
And what I give, Thou givest back to
me,
Transmuted by Thy touch ; each worth-
less thing
Changed to the preciousness of gem or
gold,
And by Thy blessing multiplied a thou-
sand fold.

All my desire Thou grantest, what-
soever
I ask ! Was ever mythic tale or
dream
So bold as this reality,—this stream
Of boundless blessings flowing full and
free ?
Yet more than I have thought or asked of
Thee,
Out of Thy royal bounty still Thou givest
me.

Now I will turn to my own land, and
tell
What I myself have seen and heard
of Thee,
And give Thine own sweet message,
"Come and see!"
And yet in heart and mind for ever
dwell
With Thee, my King of Peace, in loyal
rest,
Within the fair pavilion of Thy presence
blest.

"Surely in what place my Lord the King shall be,
whether in death or life, even there also will thy ser-
vant be."—2 *Sam.* xv. 21.

"Where I am, there shall also my servant be."—
John xii. 26.

The Two Paths.

VIA DOLOROSA and VIA GIOIOSA.

[*Suggested by a Picture.*]

MY Master, they have wronged Thee
and Thy love !
They only told me I should find the path
A Via Dolorosa all the way !
Even Thy sweetest singers only sang
Of pressing onward through the same
sharp thorns,
With bleeding footsteps, through the chill
dark mist,
Following and struggling till they reach
the light,
The rest, the sunshine of the far beyond.
The anthems of the pilgrimage were set
In most pathetic minors, exquisite,
Yet breathing sadness more than any
praise ;
Thy minstrels let the fitful breezes make
Æolian moans on their entrusted harps,
Until the listeners thought that this was
all
The music Thou hadst given. And so the
steps

That halted where the two ways met and
crossed,
The broad and narrow, turned aside in
fear,
Thinking the radiance of their youth must
pass
In sombre shadows if they followed Thee ;
Hearing afar such echoes of one strain,
The cross, the tribulation, and the toil,
The conflict, and the clinging in the dark.
What wonder that the dancing feet are
stayed
From entering the only path of peace !
Master, forgive them ! Tune their harps
anew,
And put a new song in their mouths for
Thee,
And make Thy chosen people joyful in
Thy love.

Lord Jesus, Thou hast trodden once for
all
The Via Dolorosa,—and for us !
No artist power or minstrel gift may tell
The cost to Thee of each unfaltering step,
When love that passeth knowledge led
Thee on,
Faithful and true to God, and true to us.
And now, beloved Lord, Thou callest us

To follow Thee, and we will take Thy
word
About the path which Thou hast marked
for us.
Narrow indeed it is! Who does not
choose
The narrow track upon the mountain
side,
With ever-widening view, and freshening
air,
And honeyed heather, rather than the
road,
With smoothest breadth of dust and loss
of view,
Soiled blossoms not worth gathering, and
the noise
Of wheels instead of silence of the hills,
Or music of the waterfalls? Oh, why
Should they misrepresent Thy words, and
make
“Narrow” synonymous with very
hard”?
For Thou, Divinest Wisdom, Thou hast
said
Thy ways are ways of pleasantness, and
all
Thy paths are peace; and that the path
of him
Who wears Thy perfect robe of righteous-
ness
Is as the light that shineth more and more

Unto the perfect day. And Thou hast
given

An olden promise, rarely quoted now,¹
Because it is too bright for our weak
faith :

“ If they obey and serve Him, they shall
spend

Days in prosperity, and they shall spend
Their years in pleasures.” All because
Thy days

Were full of sorrow, and Thy lonely years
Were passed in grief’s acquaintance—all
for us !

Master, I set my seal that Thou art true,
Of Thy good promise not one thing hath
failed !

And I would send a ringing challenge
forth,

To all who know Thy name, to tell it out,
Thy faithfulness to every written word,
Thy lovingkindness crowning all the
days,—

To say and sing with me : “ The Lord is
good,

His mercy is for ever, and His truth
Is written on each page of all my life !”

Yes ! there *is* tribulation, but Thy power
Can blend it with rejoicing. There *are*
thorns,

¹ Job xxvi. 11.

But they have kept us in the narrow way,
The King's highway of holiness and
peace.

And there *is* chastening, but the Father's
love

Flows through it ; and would any trusting
heart

Forego the chastening and forego the love ?
And every step leads on to "more and
more,"

From strength to strength Thy pilgrims
pass and sing

The praise of Him who leads them on and
on,

From glory unto glory, even here !

1878.

Only for Jesus.

ONLY for Jesus ! Lord, keep it for
ever

Sealed on the heart and engraved on
the life !

Pulse of all gladness and nerve of en-
deavour,

Secret of rest, and the strength of our
strife.

"Vessels of Mercy, Prepared unto
Glory."

(ROM. ix. 23.)

VESSELS of mercy, prepared unto
glory!

This is your calling and this is your joy!
This, for the new year unfolding before
ye,
Tells out the terms of your blessed em-
ploy.

Vessels, it may be, all empty and broken,
Marred in the Hand of inscrutable skill;
(Love can accept the mysterious token!)
Marred but to make them more beauti-
ful still.

JER. xviii. 4.

Vessels, it may be, not costly or golden;
Vessels, it may be, of quantity small,
Yet by the Nail in the Sure Place up-
holden,
Never to shiver and never to fall.

ISA. xxii. 23, 24.

Vessels to honour, made sacred and holy,
Meet for the use of the Master we love,
Ready for service all simple and lowly,
Ready, one day, for the temple above.

2 TIM. ii. 21.

Yes, though the vessels be fragile and
earthen,
God hath commanded His glory to
shine ;
Treasure resplendent henceforth is our
burthen,
Excellent power, not ours but Divine.

2 COR. iv. 5, 6.

Chosen in Christ ere the dawn of Creation,
Chosen for Him, to be filled with His
grace,
Chosen to carry the streams of salvation
Into each thirsty and desolate place.

ACTS ix. 15.

Take all Thy vessels, O glorious Finer,
Purge all the dross, that each chalice
may be
Pure in Thy pattern, completer, diviner,
Filled with Thy glory and shining for
Thee.

PROV. xxv. 4.

Nov. 23rd, 1878.

The Turned Lesson.

“ I THOUGHT I knew it ! ” she said,
“ I thought I had learnt it quite ! ”
But the gentle Teacher shook her head,
With a grave yet loving light
In the eyes that fell on the upturned face,
As she gave the book
With the mark still set in the self-same
place.

“ I thought I knew it ! ” she said ;
And a heavy tear fell down,
As she turned away with bending head,
Yet not for reproof or frown,
Not for the lesson to learn again,
Or the play hour lost ;—
It was something else that gave the pain.

She could not have put it in words,
But her Teacher understood,
As God understands the chirp of the birds
In the depth of an autumn wood.
And a quiet touch on the reddening cheek
Was quite enough ;
No need to question, no need to speak.

Then the gentle voice was heard,
 " Now I will try you again !"
And the lesson was mastered,—every
 word !

Was it not worth the pain ?
Was it not kinder the task to turn,
 Than to let it pass,
As a lost, lost leaf that she did not learn ?

Is it not often so,
 That we only learn in part,
And the Master's testing-time may show
 That it was not quite " by heart " ?
Then He gives, in His wise and patient
 grace,
 That lesson again
With the mark still set in the self-same
 place.

Only, stay by His side
 Till the page is really known,
It may be we failed because we tried
 To learn it all alone,
And now that He would not let us lose
 One lesson of love,
(For He knows the loss,)—can we refuse ?

But oh ! how could we dream
 That we knew it all so well !
Reading so fluently, as we deem,
 What we could not even spell !

And oh ! how could we grieve once more
That Patient One
Who has turned so many a task before !

That waiting One, who now
Is letting us try again ;
Watching us with the patient brow
That bore the wreath of pain ;
Thoroughly teaching what He would
teach,
Line upon line,
Thoroughly doing His work in each.

Then let our hearts " be still,"
Though our task is turned to-day ;
Oh let Him teach us what He will,
In His own gracious way.
Till, sitting only at Jesus's feet,
As we learn each line
The hardest is found all clear and sweet !

March 28th, 1876.

Sunday Night.

REST him, O Father ! Thou didst
send him forth

With great and gracious messages of love ;

But Thy ambassador is weary now,

Worn with the weight of his high embassy.

Now care for him as Thou hast cared for
us

In sending him ; and cause him to lie
down

In Thy fresh pastures, by Thy streams of
peace.

Let Thy left hand be now beneath his
head,

And Thine upholding right encircle him,

And, underneath, the Everlasting arms

Be felt in full support. So let him rest,

Hushed like a little child, without one
care ;

And so give Thy belovèd sleep to-night.

Rest him, dear Master ! He hath
poured for us

The wine of joy, and we have been re-
freshed.

Now fill *his* chalice, give him sweet new
draughts

Of life and love, with Thine own hand ;
be Thou

His ministrant to-night ; draw very near
In all Thy tenderness and all Thy power.
Oh speak to him ! Thou knowest how to
speak

A word in season to Thy weary ones,
And he is weary now. Thou lovest him—
Let Thy disciple lean upon Thy breast,
And, leaning, gain new strength to “ rise
and shine.”

Rest him, O loving Spirit ! Let Thy
calm

Fall on his soul to-night. O holy Dove,
Spread Thy bright wing above him, let
him rest

Beneath its shadow ; let him know afresh
The infinite truth and might of Thy dear
name—

“ Our Comforter ! ” As gentlest touch
will stay

The strong vibrations of a jarring chord,
So lay Thy hand upon his heart, and still
Each overstraining throb, each pulsing
pain.

Then, in the stillness, breathe upon the
strings,

And let Thy holy music overflow
With soothing power his listening, resting
soul.

A Song in the Night.

[Written in severe pain, Sunday afternoon, October 8th, 1876, at the Pension Wengen, Alps.]

I TAKE this pain, Lord Jesus,
From Thine own hand,
The strength to bear it bravely
Thou wilt command.

I am too weak for effort,
So let me rest,
In hush of sweet submission,
On Thine own breast.

I take this pain, Lord Jesus,
As proof indeed
That Thou art watching closely
My truest need ;

That Thou, my Good Physician,
Art watching still ;
That all Thine own good pleasure
Thou wilt fulfil.

I take this pain, Lord Jesus ;
What Thou dost choose
The soul that really loves Thee
Will not refuse.

It is not for the first time
I trust to-day ;
For Thee my heart has never
A trustless " Nay !"

I take this pain, Lord Jesus ;
But what beside ?"
'Tis no unmingled portion
Thou dost provide.


In every hour of faintness
My cup runs o'er
With faithfulness and mercy,
And love's sweet store.

I take this pain, Lord Jesus,
As Thine own gift ;
And true though tremulous praises
I now uplift.

I am too weak to sing them,
But Thou dost hear
The whisper from the pillow,
Thou art so near !

'Tis Thy dear hand, O Saviour,
That presseth sore,
The hand that bears the nail-prints
For evermore.

And now beneath its shadow,
Hidden by Thee,
The pressure only tells me
Thou lovest me !



What will You do without Him?

I COULD not do without Him !
Jesus is more to me
Than all the richest, fairest gifts
Of earth could ever be.
But the more I find Him precious—
And the more I find Him true—
The more I long for you to find
What He can be to you.

You need not do without Him,
For He is passing by,
He is waiting to be gracious,
Only waiting for your cry :
He is waiting to receive you—
To make you all His own !
Why will you do without Him,
And wander on alone ?

Why will you do without Him ?
Is He not kind indeed ?
Did He not die to save you ?
Is He not all you need ?
Do you not want a Saviour ?
Do you not want a Friend ?
One who will love you faithfully,
And love you to the end ?

Why will you do without Him?
The Word of God is true!
The world is passing to its doom—
And you are passing too.
It may be no to-morrow
Shall dawn on you or me;
Why will you run the awful risk
Of all eternity?

What will you do without Him,
In the long and dreary day
Of trouble and perplexity,
When you do not know the way,
And no one else can help you,
And no one guides you right,
And hope comes not with morning,
And rest comes not with night?

You could not do without Him,
If once He made you see
The fetters that enchain you,
Till He hath set you free.
If once you saw the fearful load
Of sin upon your soul;—
The hidden plague that ends in death,
Unless He makes you whole!

What will you do without Him,
When death is drawing near?
Without His love—the only love
That casts out every fear;

When the shadow-valley opens,
 Unlighted and unknown,
 And the terrors of its darkness
 Must all be passed alone !

What will you do without Him,
 When the great white throne is set,
 And the Judge who never can mistake,
 And never can forget,—
 The Judge whom you have never here
 As Friend and Saviour sought,
 Shall summon you to give account
 Of deed and word and thought ?

What will you do without Him,
 When He hath shut the door,
 And you are left outside, because
 You would not come before ?
 When it is no use knocking,
 No use to stand and wait ;
 For the word of doom tolls through
 your heart,
 That terrible “ Too late ! ”

You cannot do without Him !
 There is no other name
 By which you ever *can* be saved,
 No way, no hope, no claim !
 Without Him—everlasting loss
 Of love, and life, and light !
 Without Him—everlasting woe,
 And everlasting night.

But with Him—oh ! *with Jesus !*
Are any words so blest ?
With Jesus, everlasting joy
And everlasting rest !
With Jesus—all the empty heart
Filled with His perfect love ;
With Jesus—perfect peace below,
And perfect bliss above.

Why should you do without Him ?
It is not yet too late ;
He has not closed the day of grace,
He has not shut the gate.
He calls you ! hush ! He calls you !
He would not have you go
Another step without Him,
Because He loves you so.

Why will you do without Him ?
He calls and calls again—
“ Come unto Me ! Come unto Me ! ”
Oh, shall He call in vain ?
He wants to have you with Him ;
Do you not want Him too ?
You cannot do without Him,
And He wants—even you.

Church Missionary Jubilee Hymn.

"He shall see of the travail of His soul, and shall be satisfied."—ISA. liii. 11.

REJOICE with Jesus Christ to-day,
 All ye who love His holy sway !
 The travail of His soul is past,
 He shall be satisfied at last.

Rejoice with Him, rejoice indeed !
 For He shall see His chosen seed.
 But ours the trust, the grand employ,
 To work out this divinest joy.

Of all His own He loseth none,
 They shall be gathered one by one ;
 He gathereth the smallest grain,
 His travail shall not be in vain.

Arise and work ! arise and pray
 That He would haste the dawning day !
 And let the silver trumpet sound,
 Wherever Satan's slaves are found.

The vanquished foe shall soon be stilled,
 The conquering Saviour's joy fulfilled,
 Fulfilled in us, fulfilled in them,
 His crown, His royal diadem.

Soon, soon our waiting eyes shall see
The Saviour's mighty Jubilee !
His harvest joy is filling fast,
He shall be satisfied at last.

Good Friday, 1877.

A Happy New Year to You!

NEW mercies, new blessings, new
 light on thy way ;
 New courage, new hope, and new
 strength for each day ;
 New notes of thanksgiving, new chords of
 delight,
 New praise in the morning, new songs in
 the night ;
 New wine in thy chalice, new altars to
 raise ;
 New fruits for thy Master, new garments
 of praise ;
 New gifts from His treasures, new smiles
 from His face ;
 New streams from the Fountain of infi-
 nite grace ;
 New stars for thy crown, and new tokens
 of love ;
 New gleams of the glory that waits thee
 above ;
 New light of His countenance full and
 unpriced ;
 All this be the joy of thy new life in
 Christ !

Another Year.

ANOTHER year is dawning !
Dear Master, let it be
In working or in waiting,
Another year with Thee.

Another year of leaning
Upon Thy loving breast,
Of ever-deepening trustfulness,
Of quiet, happy rest.

Another year of mercies,
Of faithfulness and grace ;
Another year of gladness
In the shining of Thy face.

Another year of progress,
Another year of praise ;
Another year of proving
Thy presence " all the days."

Another year of service,
Of witness for Thy love ;
Another year of training
For holier work above.

Another year is dawning !
Dear Master, let it be,
On earth, or else in heaven,
Another year for Thee !

New Year's Wishes.

WHAT shall I wish thee?
Treasures of earth?
Songs in the springtime,
Pleasure and mirth?
Flowers on thy pathway,
Skies ever clear?
Would this ensure thee
A Happy New Year?

What shall I wish thee?
What can be found
Bringing thee sunshine
All the year round?
Where is the treasure,
Lasting and dear,
That shall ensure thee
A Happy New Year?

Faith that increaseth,
Walking in light;
Hope that aboundeth,
Happy and bright;
Love that is perfect,
Casting out fear;
These shall ensure thee
A Happy New Year.

Peace in the Saviour,
Rest at His feet,
Smile of His countenance
Radiant and sweet,
Joy in His presence !
Christ ever near !
This will ensure thee
A Happy New Year !

What Thou Wilt.

DO what Thou wilt ! yes, only do
What seemeth good to Thee :
Thou art so loving, wise and true,
It must be best for me.

Send what Thou wilt ; or beating shower,
Soft dew, or brilliant sun ;
Alike in still or stormy hour,
My Lord, Thy will be done.

Teach what Thou wilt ; and make me learn
Each lesson full and sweet,
And deeper things of God discern
While sitting at Thy feet.

Say what Thou wilt ; and let each word
My quick obedience win ;
Let loyalty and love be stirred
To deeper glow within.

Give what Thou wilt ; for then I know
I shall be rich indeed :
My King rejoices to bestow
Supply for every need.

Take what Thou wilt, belovèd Lord,
For I have all in Thee !
My own exceeding great reward,
Thou, Thou Thyself shalt be !

December, 1878.

Hope.

WHAT though the blossom fall and
die ?

The flower is not the root ;
The sun of love may ripen yet
The Master's pleasant fruit.

What though by many a sinful fall
Thy garments are defiled ?
A Saviour's blood can cleanse them all ;
Fear not ! thou art His child.

Arise ! and, leaning on His strength,
Thy weakness shall be strong ;
And He will teach thy heart at length
A new perpetual song.

Arise ! to follow in His track
Each holy footprint clear,
And on an upward course look back
With every brightening year.

Arise ! and on thy future way
His blessing with thee be !
His presence be thy staff and stay,
Till thou His glory see.

"Most Blessed For Ever."

(Though the date of these lines is uncertain, they are chosen as a closing chord to her songs on earth.)

THE prayer of many a day is all fulfilled,
 Only by full fruition stayed and stilled ;
 You asked for blessing as your Father
 willed,
 Now He hath answered : " Most
 blessed for ever !"

Lost is the daily light of mutual smile,
 You therefore sorrow now a little while;
 But floating down life's dimmed and
 lonely aisle
 Comes the clear music : " Most blessed
 for ever !"

From the great anthems of the Crystal
 Sea,
 Through the far vistas of Eternity,
 Grand echoes of the word peal on for thee,
 Sweetest and fullest : " Most blessed
 for ever !"

INDEX TO FIRST LINES.

	PAGE
And I have wounded Thee—oh, wounded Thee !	26
Another year is dawning !	119
Are you <i>shining</i> for Jesus, dear one ? . . .	40
Distrust thyself, but trust His grace, . . .	72
Do what Thou wilt ! yes, only do, . . .	123
God's reiterated 'ALL !'	61
He who hath lead, will lead,	14
Hitherto the Lord hath blessed us, . . .	122
Holy Father, Thou hast spoken,	49
I am so weak, dear Lord, I cannot stand, . .	59
I am trusting Thee, Lord Jesus,	36
'I am with thee !' He hath said it, . . .	70
I came from very far away to see,	93
I could not do without Him !	112
I know the crimson stain of sin,	34
I love, I love my Master,	65
Increase our faith, belovèd Lord ! . . .	51
I take this pain, Lord Jesus,	110
'I thought I knew it,' she said,	105
Jesus, Thy life is mine !	57
Just to let thy Father do,	11
Just when Thou wilt, O Master, call ! . .	82
Like a river glorious,	68
Looking unto Jesus !	38
Master ! how shall I bless Thy name, . . .	73

	PAGE
My Lord, dost Thou indeed remember me, . . .	31
My Master, they have wronged Thee and Thy love	98
New mercies, new blessings, new light on thy way,	118
'Nobody knows but Jesus!'	54
Only a mortal's powers,	63
Only for Jesus! Lord, keep it for ever, . . .	102
O Saviour, precious Saviour,	84
Precious, precious blood of Jesus,	29
Rejoice with Jesus Christ to-day,	116
Rest him, O Father! Thou didst send him forth	108
Resting on the faithfulness of Christ our Lord,	47
Set apart for Jesus!	9
She chose His service. For the Lord of Love,	89
Take my life, and let it be,	7
That part is finished! I lay down my pen, . .	85
The prayer of many a day is all fulfilled, . .	125
They say there is a hollow, safe and still, . .	87
Through the yesterday of ages,	80
Thy reign is righteousness,	78
True-hearted, whole-hearted, faithful and loyal,	20
Unto him that hath, Thou givest,	45
Vessels of mercy, prepared unto glory! . . .	103
What hast Thou done for me, O mighty Friend?	23
What shall I wish thee,	120
What though the blossom fall and die? . . .	124
Who is on the Lord's side?	17

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